

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 974.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1839.

[PRICE 2d.]

MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.



Market Hill, Cambridge.



The Square, or Market, Winchester.

MARKET-PLACES OF ENGLAND.

MARKET HILL, CAMBRIDGE,

Is situated nearly in the centre of the town; at the south end stands the Shire Hall, built in 1747; and behind this fabric stands the *Conduit*, as represented in our Engraving: it was erected, in 1614, by the eccentric and benevolent Thomas Hobson, the celebrated carrier, on whose death Milton wrote this whimsical epitaph.* It is built with stone, decorated with rude carvings, and enclosed with an iron palisade. The water is brought by a small channel from a brook about three miles distant, and is conveyed beneath the principal street by an aqueduct to the Conduit; which continues running through four spouts, supplying the neighbourhood with a never-failing stream of excellent water. An inscription on the north side records the period of its erection, and also that Hobson, on his death, which happened January 1, 1630, bequeathed the rents of some pasture land to keep it in repair. The greatest genius could not have done a more important service to the town, or have taken a more effectual way to transmit his memory to a grateful posterity, than Hobson did, by erecting this Aqueduct and Conduit.† It may be worthy of remark, that one of the most general proverbial expressions in the English language had its origin from the practice of the above benevolent carrier. He rendered himself famous by furnishing the students with horses, and making it an unalterable rule, that every horse should have an equal proportion of rest as well as labour. He would never let one off its turn: hence the celebrated saying, "Hobson's choice,—this or none."

The markets, which are under the sole control of the University, though the tolls belong to the Corporation, are abundantly supplied with every kind of provision. The principal market-day is Saturday, when the vast supply of every requisite is astonishing. There is also a market every day in the week, except Sunday and Monday, for poultry, eggs, and butter. The sale of the last article is attended with the peculiarity of every pound, designed for the

* "Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt.
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time this ten years fall,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and The Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd;
Hæ! not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But late-ly finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had taken up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Show'd him his room, where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed."

† Cambridge Guide. [Deighton, Cambridge.]

market, being rolled out to the length of a yard; each pound being, in that state, about the thickness of a walking-cane. This practice renders the butter extremely easy of division into the small portions called *sixes*, for the use of the collegians.

MARKET-PLACE, WINCHESTER.

WINCHESTER was the first principal mart of traffic in England. About the year 855, a commercial guild was established in it under royal protection, at least a century earlier than in any other part of the kingdom. In the reign of Athelstan, [925–941,] six mints were established in the city, for coining as many different kinds of money; and in 1100, these mints, and a considerable portion of the city, were destroyed by fire. In 1123, the Masters of the Mint assembled at Winchester to investigate the state of the coinage, which had been generally debased throughout the kingdom: after due examination they were, with the exception of three, found guilty of gross fraud, and punished with the loss of their right hands; and an entirely new coinage was ordered to be made. In the reign of Edgar, [959–975,] a law was made to prevent frauds arising from the diversity of measures in different parts of the kingdom, and for the establishment of a legal standard measure to be used in every part of his dominions; the standard vessels made by order of that monarch were deposited in this city, from which circumstance originated the appellation—"Winchester measure:" the original bushel is still preserved in the Guildhall. About 1123, Henry, to prevent frauds in the measurement of cloth, ordered a standard yard, of the length of his own arm, to be made and deposited here with the standard measures of Edgar.

The trade of Winchester is now very unimportant; it was formerly considerable for the manufacture of woollen caps, but at present there is only an extensive manufactory for sacking, and a very little business is done in wool-combing. The market-days are Wednesday and Saturday: the latter for corn. The fairs are on the first Monday in Lent, Aug. 2, Sept. 12, and Oct. 24, for horses and poultry; the first and last are held in the city, and the two others on the hills immediately behind. The September fair, which is held on Saint Giles's Hill, is a very large cheese-fair.

At a small distance beyond the west gate an Obelisk has been erected, on the spot where the people of the neighbouring county used to deposit their provisions for the supply of the city during the time of the plague; the inhabitants leaving the stipulated sum for payment, to prevent any communication of the contagion.

SCHILLER'S GANG NACH DEM EISENHAMMER;

OR, ERRAND TO THE IRON-FOUNDRY.

THIS admirable poetical narrative, which ranks so highly among Schiller's ballads, and whose popularity has been so greatly increased by Retsch's masterly illustrations of it, wherein every one of the situations are so admirably delineated, that were there any room whatever for conjecture as to that point, it might be doubtful whether the artist's pencil did not precede the pen of the poet, the latter being only the interpreter of the former, instead of the former embodying the descriptions of the latter—this narrative has hitherto been supposed to have been entirely the production of its author's imagination—a mere legend-like fiction, without any historical foundation. It has lately been discovered, however, that the very same subject had been treated in a dramatic form about a century before Schiller's ballad appeared, by an Italian writer, named Gian-Antonio Bianchi, in a piece entitled "Il Don Alfonso," the preface to which expressly states that the story was not of his own invention, but founded upon a fact recorded by several historians.

Certainly an anecdote so precisely similar occurs in the eighth book of Vasconcello's 'Exploits of the Kings' of Portugal, that there can be little doubt of Schiller having borrowed it immediately from the Portuguese historian, with little other alteration than that of changing the names, and transferring the scene to Germany. We are then told that a young courtier was so tormented by envy on account of the favour shown by the queen to a page, whom she employed as her almoner in her private charities to the distressed, that he was base enough to calumniate them to the king, Denis or Dionysius, hinting that an illicit attachment existed between them. Hereupon the king secretly instructed the overseer of the foundry, either at Lisbon or Coimbra, to seize upon the messenger whom he should send to him, and cause him instantly to be cast into the burning furnace. The innocent page was despatched thither accordingly, but it so happened that on his road to the fatal place, he entered a church for the purpose of performing his devotions, and as several masses were chanted, stayed there much longer than he intended. In the mean while, such was the king's impatience to learn if his orders had been promptly executed, that he shortly after despatched the traitor himself to ascertain whether they had been carried into effect. Overjoyed at being sent on such a mission, and eager to be assured of his victim's fate, the latter hastened with all possible speed on his hateful errand. No sooner, however, had he reached the foundry than he was seized upon by those who were expecting the person they were to destroy, and in spite of his violent cries and resistance, forced into the flaming furnace. When the

page returned and informed the king of what had happened, the latter was struck with amazement and awe, and acknowledged that Providence itself had so directed circumstances that the calumniator of his royal mistress and an innocent youth, had, in seeking their destruction, occasioned to himself the most horrible of deaths.

So closely does the above story agree with Schiller's version of it in every one of its details, that it seems to take away from the poet almost all the merit of authorship, yet although, as far as invention goes, it robs him of some honour, we are still left to admire the simple and touching pathos with which he has invested the story, and the heightened interest he has imparted to it. We have endeavoured to do justice to the German ballad in the following translation, which, if it has no other, has at least the recommendation of not having been before published.

A LOYAL page was Fridolin.

From duty him could nothing turn;

No wonder favour he should win

From the fair lady of Savern.

She was so meek, she was so good,

And he, though not with servile mood,

To prove his faith and reverence sought

By zeal to strong attachment wrought.

From early morn till vesper hour,

Her beck, and her's alone,

He heeded, and with all his power

Obed'st ere utter'd her lips a tone.

And did she say—fatigue thee not?

His eye felt moist—his cheek glow'd hot;

Then as remiss himself he'd chide,

More prompt his a-vice did not bide.

Therefore the noble dame, this youth

Above her servants all prefer'd.

And oft her gracious lips, full south,

In his praise said many a cheery word:

Nor did she him as menial treat,

But rather as child below'd would greet,

And with complacence would she dwell

On his features mild, and note them well.

Thereat did Robert, a churl morose,

Dreadly malice and hate conceive;

For envy was pent in his bosom close,

And he vowed the favour'd page should grieve;

So he with deep and crafty plan

Resolved in his lord suspicion to fan;

And as they from the chase return'd,

Thus spake, nor the other his guile discern'd.

"A happy mind, Sir Count, is thine,"

—So he his discourse began—

"No mistrust nor en're causeth thy heart to pine,

Or jealous fancies to scan,

Thy spouse is fair—as fair as chaste,

By loyal truth and modesty graced;

Nor will gallant or suitor, aye,

"Tice her from nuptial love to stray."

"What speakest thou?" was the stern reply,

"What dostest thou to me, knave?

Wouldst have me on woman's faith rely,

As changeful as is the wave?

Soft flattering speech and amorous oath

Soon make it yield—and nothing loath;

Yet for my own dame sought I fear,

Since such gallants come her not near."

"Right well in that thy trust, nor vain;

Yet still it must move thy scorn—

To know what hopes dares entertain—

How aspires a menial lad, low-born,

On his lady casting a tell-tale look.

With a freedom she ought not to brook."

"Who?"—cried the count, with faltering tongue,

"Mean'st thou that page, so fair and young?"

"E'en so,—for why should I silence keep
On what each mouth with gossip fills;
Nathless 'twere better in silence deep
To bury it, since my liege so wills."
—"Knaves, on thy life, at once speak out,
And end," the Count exclaims, "my doubt:
Who harbours thoughts of such base alloy?"
—"Wist you not that I speak of the fair-hair'd boy?"

"Fair, too, in sooth, he is of limb;"
The subtle tempter added,
While shuddered the Count with passion grim,
For such speech his soul quite maddened.
"How!—may it then be my liege ne'er noted,
When the page's bold eye on his lady hath gloated?
At table, 'tis her alone he heeds,
And her wishes in her countenance reads."

"See here the poesy, which, to prove
His passion, to her he addresses;
And for return of equal love
The ardent strippling presses.
My gracious lady, soft and meek,
Out of pity, no doubt, hath forborne to speak
To thyself—and I, too, feel concern
That the odious truth from my lips thou dost learn."

The Count in brooding silence rode
To where, within a forest belted,
His furnace forges glared and glowed,
And ore to streams of iron smelted.
Here ply'd his brawny churls their toil,
Both late and early here they moil;
The fire rages from bellows' blast
As 'twould fuse a neck if there 'twere cast.

Water's strength and strength of fire
Are here combined in action found;
The mill's cog'd wheel unknown to tire,
Incessant whirls its dashing round.
The works keep going day and night,
The falling hammers play tune aright,
'Till, from their oft repeated blows,
The metal yields and softened grows.

Arrived at this the place of his quest,
The Count then beckons from their task
Two of the churls, and gives his best,
"Whose first hither sent shall ask,
'With your lord's mandate have ye complied,
Him forthwith bring in your fiery tide;
So let him perish by that doom,
And the furnace all the wretch consume.'"

The ruffian pair in heart rejoice,
And vow such mandate full to heed;
For iron less deaf to pity's voice
Than their hearts exulting at torture's deed.
With freshen'd zeal the bellows they ply,
And heap the glowing cinders high,
Preparing with a fiendish glee,
To receive their victim whoe'er he.

Now Robert sped with wily cheer
To the page, and "Thou bestir," he said,
"Since for thy lord 'tis thine to bear
Message that may not be delayed."
"Haste," cried the Count, "nor an instant wait,
But bring to the forge-men this question straight,
Demand of them if they have done
My bidding.—Speed thee, boy, and run."

"I'm gone," quick, Fridolin replies,
And hurries, his lord to obey,
When short he stops; "Perchance, likewise,
My lady hath errand some by the way."
To the Countess he hies with that intent,
And tells that to the forge he's sent:
"Is there of service ought else I may do,
For, lady, my service belongs to you."

Then answered Savern's dame with air
Of loveliness and accent mild,
"To holy mass I'd fain repair,
But on his sick couch lies my child.
Thou, then, for me a prayer recite—
An orison to the throne of light:
And when penitence shall clear
Thy soul, for mine breathe prayer sincere."

At such commission, a pious joy
Filled his heart, and with spirits light
Onward pressed his steps the boy,
And scarce had the hamlet rose to sigh
When the sound of chapel-bell
His ear saluted, and seem'd to tell,
That sinners ought their peace to make,
And of religion's rites partake.

"Turn not aside when God thus calls
And offers to man his grace."
So said, he entered the holy walls,
But hush'd and vacant was the place:
For harvest tide 'twas, and the swarm
Of reapers plied their tasks so warm;
No chorister was there; and none
To serve the mass save priest alone.

So Fridolin, the gentle page,
Resolves to act the sacristan;
"The task will not too long engage
That is for heaven as well as men!"
With *cingulum* and *stole* he deck'd
The priest, attending with respect;
The consecrated vessels got,
And all and each in order set.

Next these duties done and o'er,
As ministrant he takes his stand,
And to th' altar walks the priest before,
With the mass-book in his hand;
Now on the right, now left, he kneels,
Obedience to each form he yields,
And when the *Sacrae*' words were sung,
Thrice the tinkling bell he rung.

Then as the priest with reverence bows,
And to the tabernacle turning,
The mystic host the crowd allows
To view it from afar discerning;
While in his hand 'tis raised on high,
As sacristan the page stands by,
And rings again, when on bended knee
All thrill with awe at what they see.

Each ceremony was gone through
With punctual form and skill,
For of holy church's rites, I trow,
The page wot of, not ill;
Nor wearied he until at last
Vobiscum Dominus was pass'd,
And to the people turned the priest—
A signal that the rites had ceased.

Then Fridolin each thing disposed
In order meet and due—
The sanctuary arranged and closed,
And resumes his way anew.
With tranquil conscience on he went:
His footsteps to the forge he bent;
And on the road, time to beguile,
Twelve paternosters said the while.

As soon as he beheld its smoke,
To the forge he urged on with speed:
"Have ye performed," 'twas thus he spoke
To the churls he met, "the bidden deed?"
With fiendish grins and joy uncouth
Point they to the furnace mouth:
"Full well it's done—the work is ended,
And by the Count will be commended."

With doubled speed the page hies home
That answer back to 's lord to bear;
But when Savern perceives him come,
He gazes on him with doubt and fear:
"Speak, luckless wretch, whence comest thou?"
From the forge, "cries the page, "return'd but now."
—"Then hast thou tarried by the way."
"In sooth e'en so; yet 'twas to pray."

"For on my errand ere I set out,
I dutiously my lady sought,
Related which way lay my route,
Asking if message she had ought.
She bade me hear a mass, and I
Did gladly with such request comply.
Full four rosaries I have repeated—
For her, for thee, the saints entreated."

The Count stood in amaze as riven,

For his very heart felt weak :

"And what reply to thee was given

By the forge-men ?—Haste, boy, speak !"

—So dark their speech, I hardly guess

What meant they by it to express :

'All's done,' they said, 'the work is ended,

And by thy lord will be commended.' "

"And Robert,"—the trembling Count inquired,

"Him nowhere hast thou seen ?

Him to follow thee thro' the wood I desired,

Nor can he have fail'd to obey, I ween."

"Nor in wood, nor in mead, nor other place,

Have I Robert seen, not even a trace."

—"Then," cried the Count, with passionate burst,

"Wrath divine hath o'eraken the wretch accurst."

With tenderness till then ne'er shown

He took the wondering page's hand,

And to his lady led to own

Suspicious soul, and the deed he'd plann'd.

"This boy as heaven's angels is pure,

Than faithfulness like his none truer ;

Urged by a wretch, his death I sought,

But God hath both mercy and judgment wrought."

THE MORALS OF MAN.

If the moral faculty is weak in most men, it is owing to want of culture. There is ample provision in the mind for its complete development ; no other power is aided by so many concurrent faculties, or derives accession from so many different sources. We have only to attend to the dictates of conscience, to render its oracles more frequent and more distinct, and those parts of the human frame which are most apt to resist its authority, when once brought into subjection, would augment its power, and aid in enforcing its dictates. There is no need of dreaming, with the Stoics, of extirpating the passions: if duly regulated, they become the ministers, not the opponents, of Duty ; and Pleasure herself, though considered the chief foe of Virtue, is ready to act as her handmaid. Mistaken notions of Christianity have discouraged the culture of Moral Philosophy in latter days, and the moderns have not effected so much as the ancients, with all their disadvantages, in this branch of the study of the mind. Christianity was not intended to supersede the exercise of our powers, but rather to invigorate their exertions, by giving them the right direction, and supplying them with the true data on which to proceed. Instead of furnishing a system of morals, Christianity has afforded a new fountain of spiritual existence, from which that system may be deduced, by implanting a new and stronger principle of virtue, by conferring upon its disciples a renovated and godlike nature, and by exchanging that external law, which only enforces an outward compliance, for that inward law which is written on the fleshly tables of the heart. Where our faculties cannot penetrate into the invisible world, and into the secrets of futurity, Christianity affords us the light and information of a supernatural revelation ; but where our native faculties are commensurate with the attainment of truth, we are called to press forward in the pursuit of excellence and of knowledge, and to advance in moral science, as in

natural, by the sincere and diligent exercise of our faculties. 'Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'—*Douglas's Philosophy of the Mind*, 1839.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.*

THE subject of amusements for the working classes is daily becoming one of greater and more serious importance ; and involves the most important considerations, with which the future civilization of the country is intimately connected.

"There is," says Sir John Herschel, "a want too much lost sight of in our estimate of the privations of the humble classes, though it is one of the most incessant cravings of all our wants, and is actually the impelling power which, in the vast majority of cases, urges men into vice and crime—it is the want of amusement. It is in vain to declaim against it. Equally with any other principle in our nature it calls for its natural indulgence, and man cannot be permanently debarred from it without souring the temper and spoiling the character. Like the indulgence of other appetites, it only requires to be kept within due bounds, and turned upon innocent or beneficial objects, to become a spring of happiness. But gratified to a certain moderate extent it must be in the case of every man, if we desire him to be either a useful, active, or contented member of society. Now, I would ask, what provision do we find for the cheap and innocent and daily amusements of the mass of the labouring population of this country? What sort of resources have they to call up the cheerfulness of their spirits, and chase away the cloud from their brow after the fatigue of a day's hard work, or the stupefying monotony of sedentary occupation? Why really very little. I hardly like to assume the appearance of a wish to rip up grievances by saying how little. The pleasant field walk and the village green are becoming rarer and rarer every year. Music and dancing, (the more's the pity) have become so closely associated with ideas of riot and debauchery among the less cultivated classes, that a taste for them, for their own sakes, can hardly be said to exist, and before they can be recommended as innocent or safe amusements, a very great change of ideas must take place. The truth is, that under the pressure of a continually condensing population, the habits of the city have crept into the village. The demands of agriculture have become stern and more imperious ; and while hardly a foot of ground is left uncultivated and unappropriated, there is positively not space left for many of the cheerful amusements of

* From *A Manual for Mechanics' Institutions* ; published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

rural life. Now since this appears to be unavoidable, and as it is physically impossible that the amusements of a condensed population should continue to be those of a scattered one, it behoves us strongly to consider of some substitutes. But perhaps it may appear to some almost preposterous to enter on the question. Why, the very name of a labourer has something about it with which amusement seems out of character: labour is work, amusement is play; and though it has passed into a proverb, that one without the other will make a dull boy, we seem to have lost sight of a thing equally obvious, that a community of dull boys in this sense is only another word for a society of ignorant, headlong, and ferocious men."

"After a hard day's work," says Sir Benjamin Heywood, in one of his addresses to the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, "a man wants refreshment and ease. I would urge the Directors, who are this evening to be appointed, to let this be one of the earliest subjects of their consideration—think, for instance, whether social evening parties, with tea and coffee, might not be more encouraged amongst you." Sir Benjamin Heywood then read portions of a work upon the subject of amusement for the people, by Mr. Dovey, an American clergyman, from which we extract the following paragraphs:—

"There is another view in which the subject of amusements, light as it may be thought, goes deep into all questions about our national improvement and happiness. We are making great efforts in America to bring about various moral reforms. At the head of these enterprises stands the temperance reformation. And the public attention, as was natural in the appalling circumstances of the case, has been very much occupied with the immediate evil, and the obvious methods of supplying the remedy. But it seems to me that it is time to go deeper into this matter, and inquire how the reform is to be carried on and sustained in the country. 'By embodying the entire nation in a temperance society,' will it be said! I think not, even if that point could be gained. We must have some stronger bond than that of formal association, some stronger provision than that of temporary habit to rely on. We must lay the foundations of permanent reform in the principles of human nature, and in the very frame-work of society. Suppose that this nation, and every individual in it, were now temperate, how are they to be kept so! The zeal of individuals in this cause will die away; the individuals themselves will die; how is the people, supposing it were made temperate, to be kept so! There was a time, in former days, when our people were all temperate—when a small bottle of strong waters sufficed for a whole army—when, that is to say, ardent spirits were used only as a medicine. Why, from those early days of pristine virtue and rigid piety, did the nation fall away into intemperance! And how, I ask again, are we to expect to stand where our fathers fell!

"In answer to this question, let me observe, that there is in human nature, and never to be rooted out of it, a want of excitement and exhilaration. The cares and labours of life often leave the mind dull, and when it is relieved from them—and it *must* be relieved—let this be remembered—there must be seasons of relief, and the question is, how are these seasons to be filled up! When the mind enjoys relief from its occupations, I say, that relief must come in the shape of something cheering and exhilarating. The man cannot sit down dull and stupid—and he ought not. Now suppose that society provides him with no cheerful or attractive recreations; that society, in fact, frowns upon all amusements; that the importunate spirit in business, and the sanctimonious spirit in religion, and the supercilious spirit in fashion, all unite to discountenance popular sports and spectacles; and thus, that all cheap and free enjoyments, the hale, hearty, holiday recreations are out of use, and out of reach—what now will the man, set free from business or labour, be likely to do! He asks for relief and exhilaration, he asks for escape from his cares and anxieties; society in its arrangements offers him none; the tavern and the ale-house propose to supply the want; what so likely as that he will resort to the tavern and the ale-house! I have no doubt that one reason why our country fell into such unusual intemperance, was the want of simple, innocent, and authorised recreations in it. I am fully persuaded that some measure of this sort is needful, to give a natural and stable character to the temperance reform.

"Let it not be said, as if it were a fair reply to all this, that men are intemperate in the midst of their recreations. The question is not what they do, with their vicious habits already acquired, but how they came by these habits; and the question again is not, whether a man may not fall into inebriety, amidst the purest recreations as well as when away from them, but what he is *likely* to do. In short, to do justice to the argument, it should be supposed that a people is perfectly temperate, and then may fairly be considered the question—how it is most likely to be kept so. . . . If there were among any people authorised holidays and holiday sports—if there were in every village a public promenade, where music might frequently be heard in the evening,—would not these places be likely to draw away many from the resorts of intemperance!

"Men cannot labour or do business always. They must have intervals of relaxation. What is to be done with these intervals! This is the question, and it is a question to be soberly answered. It is to be met, I repeat, with answers, and not with surmises of danger. Men cannot sleep through those intervals. What are they to do? Why, if they do not work, or sleep, they must have recreation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisoned fountains of intemperance. Or, if

they have pleasures which, though innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, their very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains."

In-door amusements of a tranquil character, and consequently suited for those who have spent the day in hard labour, may be multiplied to infinity. An instance was given in the *Penny Magazine* some time ago, in which the game of chess had been introduced into a country village in Germany, with great advantage. And Sir J. Herschel, in his address at the opening of the Windsor and Eton Library, told the following anecdote of the interest created by a person reading aloud:—

"The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of 'Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud on the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book, but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily, according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys actually set the parish bells ringing. . . . Now let any one," continues Sir J. Herschel, "say whether it is easy to estimate the amount of good done in this simple case. Not to speak of the number of hours agreeably spent, not to speak of the good-fellowship and harmony promoted—here was a whole rustic population fairly won over to the side of good—charmed, and night after night spell-bound within that magic circle which genius can trace so effectually, and compelled to bow before that image of virtue and purity, which (though at a great expence of words) no one knew better how to body forth, with a thousand life-like touches, than the author of that work."

Concerts might, without much difficulty, be performed, if a music class were taught in each Institution: music forms so soothing and so delightful a recreation, that it is desirable to see a love for it extended as widely as possible.

The London Mechanics' Institution has concerts; and the last Report of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution mentions that "A social coffee-meeting was held in April last, to commemorate the thirteenth anniversary of the establishment of this Institution, and one of our vice-presidents, the Rev. J. G. Robberds, presided on that interesting occasion. From the coffee-room the members adjourned to the lecture-room, where the vocal music class interested the company with songs and glees: after which the phantasmagoria afforded considerable amusement. From the lecture-room the company retired to the large class-room, where additional refreshments were provided; and the remainder of the evening was spent in listening to many animated and eloquent speeches relating to the history and advantages of the Institution."

It would conduce to the health, happiness, and morality of the people, if, in institutions such as these, some arrangements could be made for amusements of another and more active character. The inhabitants of manufacturing towns, when they have quitted their sedentary employments, require something which will put their blood into action, exercise and brace their muscles, and impart vigour, strength, and cheerfulness.

In the Lyceums recently established in Manchester and the neighbourhood, recreation has been a primary object. Besides classes for music—vocal and instrumental, which are well attended by the members—concerts of a superior character are occasionally given at each institution, the expense of which is defrayed by a small payment from each member, increased to strangers. The several music classes (which have been combined under the title of the Popular Choral Society) also give periodical concerts to their respective members free of expence. Tea-parties, either open to the public, or confined to the members of particular classes, enlivened by singing, recitations, and philosophical experiments, assemble once or twice in each quarter.

ANECDOTE.

THE Rev. Mr. Bowles, in his *History of Brehmhill*, relates the following incident:—"Previously to my being admitted a scholar in Wykeham's foundation, my mother took great pains in teaching me to sing correctly the 100th Psalm. Every morning I went through this long lesson. I had mastered, with the help of my father, the shortest ode of Horace; and I was now sent off to Winchester, being persuaded that I could at least sing, if I could not construe. To the election-chamber, on the solemn day, I was admitted, with anxious looks and beating heart. There sat, in large white wigs and in black gowns, the wardens of the New College of Winchester, the *posers*, so called; two examining fellows, annually selected from New College; the head master of Winchester School; all in dreadful array before me. The first question was, "Can you sing?" The usual answer is "Yes," and nothing more is said; but having been so well prepared, and taking heart, I answered "Yes, a little;" and fearing my powers should not be duly estimated, instantly began, "All people that—." The warden of New College, Dr. Oglander, said, smilingly, "That is enough, boy;" but, having begun, I was not so easily repressed, for I went on, louder than before—"That on earth do dwell." At length I observed all faces gathering blackness, and I retired, murmuring, in an under-tone, "With one accord:" when I was received, by the boys waiting in the outer room, with a shout of laughter, and a knock on the mouth, which did not, at that time, tend to convince me of the advantages of public education.

W. G. C.

Manners and Customs.

WELL-FLOWERING.

THE Fellows of New-College have, time out of mind, every Holy Thursday, betwixt the hours of eight and nine, gone to the hospitall called Bart'lemews, near Oxford, when they retire into the chapell and certain prayers are read, and an anthem sung: from thence they goe to the upper end of the grove adjoining to the chapell (the way being beforehand strewed with flowers by the poor people of the hospitall,) they place themselves round about the well there, where they warble forth melodiously a song of three, four, or five parts. Which being performed, they refresh themselves with a morning's draft there, and retire to Oxford before sermon.*

In processions they used to read a Ghospell at the springs to bless them; which hath been discontinued at Sunny well in Berkshire, but since 1688.†

"This custom, which Aubrey has here recorded, on the authority of Anthony Wood," says the able and entertaining editor of the *Anecdotes and Traditions*:‡ "is clearly one whose origin may be traced to the times of paganism, and as such, it affords us a striking example of the manner in which the rites of heathenism were eventually christianised, when it was found that they had taken so strong a hold upon the affections of the people, that the decrees of councils, and the sermons of the priesthood were in vain directed against them." Grimm's "*Deutsche Mythologie*," pp. 68, 70, and 326, 334, contain an abundance of curious materials illustrative of the veneration in which certain fountains, springs, and streams were formerly held, and of the various peculiar customs to which this singular feeling has given rise. And in Sir Henry Ellis's edition of "*Brand's Popular Antiquities*," ii. 266 and 267, a number of similar particulars are collected, in illustration of the following passage, which we quote as having peculiar reference to Aubrey's memorandum on the subject of "*Well Worship*."

"Various rites appear to have been performed on Holy Thursday at wells, at different parts of the kingdom, such as decorating them with boughs of trees, garlands of tulips, and other flowers placed in various fancied devices. In some places, indeed, it was the custom, after prayers for the day at the church, for the clergyman and singers even to pray and sing psalms at the well."

"The custom of well-flowering is still practised on Holy Thursday at Tisnington in Derbyshire; see Lysons's *Magna Britannia*, vol. v. p. cxxli.§

"There is service in the church on that day, and a sermon, after which each of the wells is

visited, and the three psalms for the day, with the Epistle and Gospel, are read; one at each well, of which there are five, of remarkably clear water."

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN RUSSIA.

THERE have been, it appears, established in that empire during the last five years, 1 university, 9 gymnasia (grammar schools), 49 district schools (some for the nobility and some for citizens), 289 parochial and 112 private schools, besides 26 boarding-houses for noble-men's sons, in connection with the grammar-schools. The number of scholars has been increased by 25,000, and forms now, in the schools under the ministry, a total of 95,566. But the number of persons receiving instruction in the whole empire is stated to be nearly as 1 in 45. The number of students in the University of St. Petersburg during the last academical year, was 413. Of these 192 were noblemen, 65 sons of superior officers, 19 sons of clergymen, 40 of the mercantile classes, 31 sons of tradesmen, &c., and 5 foreigners. There are at this university 42 professors and tutors. The university library has lately been enriched by the purchase of the collection of Prof. Schäfer, of Leipzig; which, among other valuable works, contained 633 Russian, not before in the library. The imperial library now contains 425,621 printed volumes, and 17,236 MSS. The University of Kasan is increasing in importance for Oriental literature. It has long had professorships of the Mongol and Chinese languages; lately one has been added for the Armenian, with a salary of 4,500 rubles.—*Athenæum*.

SPEECH* OF MAISTER JOHN MARTIN, A WEALTHY CITIZEN OF NORWICH.

"MAISTER Mayor of Norwich, and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king. God bless the queen's grace. We have fed plentifully; and now whilom, I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you Maister Mayor; and so do we all. Answer, boys, answer: your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners; and so, huzza for the Queen's Majesty's Grace, and all her bonny brow'd dames of honour; huzza for Maister Mayor, and our good dame the mayoreess: his noble grace, there he is [the Duke of Norfolk.] God bless him, and all this jolly company.

"To all our friends round county who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in the bodies, to keep out the Spanish dons and papists, with their fagots to burn our whiskers.

"Shove it about, twirl your cap-cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for Maister Mayor, and his brethren the worshippers."

* Aubrey Papers, *Brit. Mus.* fo. 114 co.

† *Ibid.*; 115 reco.

‡ *Print* d for the Camden Society.

§ *Vide* also, *Mirror*, No. 834, vol. xxi.

* At a mayor's feast in the New Hall, Norwich, 1561. the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Lord Scroop, with other nobles, being present. The mayor's share of the expenses amounted to 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

NAMES of the architects to whom the premiums have been awarded for the three designs which appear to be the most closely bordering upon the practicable, and not likely to involve an expense beyond the sum mentioned in the instructions.

No. 36.—300*l*. to Mr. William Grellier, district surveyor, 20, Wormwood Street.

No. 43.—200*l*. to Mr. Alexis de Chateauneuf, of Hamburg, and Mr. Arthur Mee, of Carlton-chambers.

No. 37.—100*l*. to Mr. Sidney Smirke, 12, Carlton-chambers.

Not one of these plans will be acted upon. They are reported as being more in conformity to the printed instructions than any of the others, and as coming within the limited sum of 150,000*l*. as to the cost; but the architects to whose judgment these designs were submitted, and the committee, consider that, without many alterations, they will be neither practicable, advisable, nor capable of being made durable edifices.

The committee having called upon Sir Robert Smirke, Mr. Gwilt, and Mr. Hardwick, (the three gentlemen to whom the various designs for rebuilding the Royal Exchange were submitted,) to furnish a design that will be worthy of the age and country, have, it is generally admitted, acted wisely, and removed from themselves all imputations of partiality or prejudice. They have also released themselves, in the opinion of their fellow-citizens, from all responsibility.

The remaining plans will, after public inspection, be returned to the gentlemen who designed them, with their letters unopened, and their names unknown.

PUBLIC CHARITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE is not, it is admitted, any country in the world so rich in public charity as Great Britain; and, indeed, it has been a question whether our parochial and other schools, our magnificent hospitals, and our comfortable almshouses, may not be rather injurious, as tending to make men rely upon others instead of themselves. We are by no means advocates for imprudence; on the contrary, we hold self-reliance to be one of the principal ingredients for making a good and useful citizen; but there are some accidents against which no foresight can guard. There are but a favoured few who are not liable to sudden reverses; and all of us may be suddenly stricken by death, or visited with mutilation and disease in the very vigour of our days. What would become of the family of the poor man so stricken or visited, who depends on his sinews for his daily support of himself and his little ones, but for such god-like institutions! And after all, splendidly magnificent as they are, there is a class of cases which they do not reach.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CCXVIII.

AMERICAN LADIES.

WHENEVER an American gentleman meets a lady, he looks upon her as the representative of her sex; and it is to her sex, not to her peculiar amiable qualities, that she is indebted for his attentions. But look upon the same lady when she returns home from a party, or after the company has been dismissed at her own house! She is indeed honoured and respected, a happy mother, a silent, contented wife, and complete mistress at home; but how seldom is she the intimate friend of her husband, the repository of his secrets, his true and faithful counsellor,—in one word, the better half of his existence! And yet what woman would not rather be that than an idol, placed on an artificial elevation in society, in order to be deprived of her true influence on the deliberations and actions of men! I have undoubtedly seen American ladies who were all a woman could wish to be to their husbands; but I scarcely remember one, especially in fashionable life, who was not quoted to me as an exception to the rule.—*Aristocracy in America*, 1839.

MECHANICAL BRICK-MAKING.

AT the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, Mr. Cottam exhibited a model of a brick and tile-making machine invented by the Marquis of Tweeddale, by which it was stated 30 bricks a minute, or nearly 30,000 bricks a day, might be made, whilst a good moulder could only mould from 5000 to 8000 a day. The clay was put into the machine at one end, and passing between two rollers was rolled into a long bar, which was cut into the required length of the bricks by a cutter worked by the same wheel-work. The bricks, on coming out at the opposite side of the machine, were carried by it to a distance of 200 yards, thereby saving a great amount of time and money in carrying, an operation usually performed by boys and women. As a proof of the superiority of the machine-made brick, it weighed 8½ lbs., while a common brick weighed only 5½ lbs., and the machine-made brick carried eight times the weight which the common brick would sustain.—*Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

INEQUALITY OF WEALTH.

WHILST, on the one hand, it is the source of much misery, is, on the other, the mainspring of all greatness; and in our own England, has, perhaps, more of the blessing and less of the curse than in any other country. Among imperfectly civilized nations, this inequality puts the life of the poor man at the absolute disposal of the rich man. As if to exhibit to the people the Moloch strength of unrestrained wealth and power as opposed to poverty and weakness, thousands of human beings were sacrificed at the coronation of Montezuma; and even in that terrestrial Mahomedan paradise, Otaheite—Tahiti is a different re-

gion now—where bounteous nature spreads a table for all, and

'Bread itself is gather'd as a fruit.'

it was some poor friendless wretch that was brought to the moral as a blood-offering.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXVIII.

THE MONUMENT,

HAVING lately obtained a painful celebrity, our attention has been called to this far-famed pillar. In No. 969 of the *Mirror*, we stated, on the authority of Brayley, [Londoniana, vol. 1, p. 193] that a mechanic threw himself off the Monument, June 20, 1750: this account we have since ascertained to be erroneous; that the manner of his falling was this: in the iron gallery there was a living eagle to be seen, for which it was customary to pay a penny; but the person not being there to show it, it being enclosed in a wooden cage, he, in projecting his body too far over the rails, to look in at the box, lost his balance, and fell against the top of the pedestal, and from thence into the street, by which means he was dashed to pieces; therefore, John Craddock, a journeyman baker, was the first person who willfully precipitated himself from the Monument, July 7, 1788: the next was Mr. Lyon Levy, a diamond merchant, June 18, 1810—thirdly, Miss Moyes, September 11, 1839; and lastly, the boy Hawes, October 18, 1839.

In 1732, a sailor slid down a rope stretched from the gallery to the Three Tuns Tavern, Gracechurch Street; and by the same rope, on the following day, a waterman's boy descended into the street.

In the *Times* newspaper of August 22, 1827, there appeared the following advertisement—a burlesque on the extraordinary feats of the day:—

"Inevitable as it may appear, a person will attend at the Monument, and will, for the sum of 2,500*l.*, undertake to JUMP clear off the said Monument, and in coming down will drink some beer and eat a cake, eat some trades, shorten and make soil, and bring ship safe to anchor. As soon as the sum stated is collected, the performance will take place; and if not performed, the money subscribed will be returned to the subscribers."

THE WILL OF AN ASS.

(From the Spanish.)

My will and intent is, that, when I am dead and gone, my tongue may be bestowed among such of my children as are flatterers and backbiters; to those of my children that are angry and choleric, I give my tail for a moderator; I leave my eyes to the lascivious; my brains, to alchemists and judiciary astrologers; my heart, to the covetous; my ears, to the seditious and sowers of discord; my nose, to epicures, gluttons, and drunkards; my bones, to the slothful; my loins, to the proud; my chine, to the obstinate; my hinder legs, to the lawyers; my fore-feet, to the judges; and my head, to the scriverers and lawyers; I give my flesh, to the poor; and my skin, to be divided among my natural children.

W. G. C.

Biography.

EULOGIUM ON JAMES WATT.

(From the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.)

MR. JAMES WATT, the great improver of the steam-engine.

This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have "gathered all its fame." We have said that Mr. Watt was the great improver of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility,—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, precision, and ductility, with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or read an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it,—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribbands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the wind and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one

• Extracted from the Life of James Watt, by M. Arago 1839.

P.H. 1. 209.

man, too; that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society, and enjoyed his conversation, it is not perhaps the character in which he will be most frequently recalled—most deeply lamented—or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects, a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information,—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense,—and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages—and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its place among its other rich furni-

ture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it for his own use, to its true value, and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most faithful study of the originals,—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

It is needless to say, that, with these vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk,—at least in his later years; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopaedia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select from his inexhaustible stores what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity he gave himself no trouble; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularly, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information, which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity,—and prized accordingly, far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of

authority. His voice was deep and powerful, —though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonised admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage, the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort, indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretension; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostors out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous, and considerate of the feelings of all around him, and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who shewed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gaiety which had illuminated his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation,—never more delightful or more instructive than in his last visit to Scotland, in autumn 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary,—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his 83d year.

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconvenience through the summer; but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle, and passed

from the bosom of his family to that of his God.

He was twice married, but has left no issue but one son, long associated with him in his business and studies, and two grandchildren by a daughter who pre-deceased him. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies, both of London and Edinburgh, and one of the few Englishmen who were elected members of the National Institute of France. All men of learning and science were his cordial friends; and such was the influence of his mild character and perfect fairness and liberality, even upon the pretenders to these accomplishments, that he lived to disarm even envy itself, and died, we verily believe, without a single enemy.

Arts and Sciences.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GALVANIC TELEGRAPH AT THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

THE space occupied by the case containing the machinery (which simply stands upon a table, and can be removed at pleasure to any part of the room), is little more than that required for a gentleman's hat-box. The telegraph is worked by merely pressing small brass keys (similar to those on a keyed bugle), which, acting, by means of galvanic power, upon various hands placed upon a dial-plate at the other end of the telegraphic line, as far as now opened, point not only to each letter of the alphabet, as each key may be struck or pressed, but the numerals are indicated by the same means, as well as the various points, from a comma to a colon, with notes of admiration and interjection. There is likewise a cross (X) upon the dial, which indicates that when this key is struck, a mistake has been made in some part of the sentence telegraphed, and that an "erasure" is intended. A question—such, for instance, as the following, "How many passengers started from Drayton by the 10 o'clock train?"—and the answer, could be transmitted from the terminus to Drayton and back in less than two minutes. This was proved on Saturday. This mode of communication is only completed as far as the West Drayton station, which is about 13½ miles from Paddington. There are wires (as may be imagined) communicating with each end, thus far completed, passing through a hollow iron tube, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, which is fixed about six inches above the ground, running parallel with the railway, and about two or three feet distant from it. It is the intention of the Great Western Railway Company to carry the tube along the line as fast as completion of the rails takes place, and ultimately throughout the whole distance to Bristol. The machinery and the mode of working it are so exceedingly simple, that a child who could read, would, after an hour or two's instruction, be enabled efficiently to transmit and receive information.—*Observer.*

O. RIDDLE'S NEW SPIRALLY-PROPELLED
EVER-POINTED PENCIL.

THE patent pencil, as at first manufactured by Mr. Riddle's late firm of S. Mordan and Co., consisted of a gold or silver case, within which the "motion," as it was termed, was moved in or out by means of an external slide—the connection of which worked through a slot in the case. This form gave rise to several inconveniences; in the first place, the slot necessary for the sliding-action weakened the case very considerably; secondly, the opening they made admitted the dirt and other foreign matters to get inside the case, making the action very unpleasant; thirdly, the attachment of the external slide, however well constructed at first, inevitably failed in the course of time, either getting loose and rickety, or else setting fast from the accumulation of dirt and dust within the case; and, finally, the ornamental parts of the case were frequently injured by the slide traversing over them, to say nothing of the inconvenient projection of the slide in the way of the fingers when writing.

All these objections are entirely obviated, and many other important advantages enjoyed, by Mr. Riddle's "new spirally-propelled patent ever-pointed pencil." In these, the external slide and the slot in the case are both dispensed with; while the mechanism necessary to produce the required action is such, as to support and strengthen the external case in a very remarkable manner. This will be understood by our readers when we state, that the pencil point is protruded from the case by the action of a spiral or worm on one tube, in combination with a longitudinal opening on another, by means of which, a stud affixed to the motion compels its progression or retrocession, according to the direction in which rotation is made. The effect of this series of tubes, fitted one within the other with mathematical accuracy, is to render the pencil, in its complete form, almost solid. The tube or case of Mr. Riddle's spirally-propelled pencils is divided about two-thirds of the way up, either end being connected with different internal tubes. The mere turning of one upon the other sends out the point, which, when done with, is withdrawn into its sheath by a turn or two in the opposite direction.

Speaking from personal experience, we can strongly recommend Mr. Riddle's pencil, in its improved form, as one of the most useful and convenient, as well as one of the most compact, writing instruments hitherto produced.—*Abridged from No. 10 of the Inventor's Advocate.*

ON THE DEATH OF ———.

Thy parting pang is over now, and death is on thy brow! [Slow]
Thy heart shall never ache again, thy tears shall never
Unkindness cannot wound thee more, nor slander do
Thee harm;
Thou feel'st not grief's bitterness, thou heepest not
Earth's scorn! [Repose]
For thou art in that blessed world where weary souls
And wounded spirits find in death a balm to heal their
Woes. J. M. B.

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

(Continued from page 257.)

Mathews as Curran.

Mrs. PLUNKET, and about forty other gentlemen, after dinner one day, had grown rather warm upon Queen Caroline, when Mr. Shehan, since editor of a Dublin paper, wishing to turn the conversation and to draw out Mathews, proposed the health of John Philpot Curran. "Pooh, Pooh!" said Mr. Plunket, "the man's dead!"—"I differ with you entirely," replied Mr. Shehan, "and return to my toast."—"Then, may be, you'll back your assertion with a bet!"—"With all my heart; how much?"—"I'll bet you five pounds that John Philpot Curran is dead."—"Done!" added Mr. Shehan; "I'll bet five pounds that he is not." The health of Mr. Curran was accordingly drunk with cheers; upon which, Mathews rose and returned thanks in the tone, look, and manner of Mr. Curran, for the "honour done him;" delivered a speech on the trial of Queen Caroline, a subject on which Curran could never have spoken; and gave, altogether, such a personification of Ireland's celebrated wit, that his hearers were impressed with the actual presence of the man: and Mr. Plunket, in an enthusiasm of wonder, pushed over the bank notes to Mr. Shehan, exclaiming, "I've lost!—fairly lost! Curran is not dead, nor will die, while Mathews lives!"

Sensitiveness of Mathews.

Mr. Mathews excessively disliked to be looked at. He would make a circuit, lame as he was, through all the dirty windings of London, to escape recognition of better-bred people. In driving about town, he always kept the blinds down on his side, "to keep off the stare from him." If he heard his name even whispered, his eyes would fall, and his colour mount; but if it were from people of middle or low life, he would smile good-humouredly, and not look "sheepishly." He constantly wore a miniature eye as a shirt-pin, which naturally attracted the observation of people while they listened to him. From the weight of its setting, it always seemed as if falling out; and, when warned of this, he would impetuously button up his waistcoat to hide it from further notice.

Mathews in Shooting Shoes.

On one of his acting days he had a visit from a gentleman, who, though he was restless to get rid of him, seemed rooted to the spot. It was evident too, that, while he walked about, his visitor's eyes were fastened on his feet. He thought it was because he was lame, so he sat down, but still the visitor's eyes seemed fascinated as by a Cinderella foot. Again Mathews walked and talked, but still the visitor's eyes "glared" at his feet. "Those shoes of yours are very peculiar, Mr. Mathews," he at

last timidly observed. A snappish "Yes, sir," was the only reply. "I had, I think, a pair like them." "*Probably*," was the only word jirked out in answer. "Indeed, I did not think a second pair was to be found of the same make." My husband looked daggers as he saw the visitor's eyes still rivetted upon his feet. "You, perhaps, remember where you bought them, Mr. Mathews?" No reply. But at last he cast his own eyes upon them, and, to his surprise, perceived they were not his own, but a "*very peculiar pair*," as the gentleman said. The truth at once flashed across his mind. They had slept together in the same inn, and the servant had exchanged their shoes. The matter was clear, and they both laughed heartily. The most extraordinary part of this unconscious felony was, that the wearer did not perceive the bad fit, or feel their weight, for the soles were embossed with nails!

A ludicrous Applauder.

It was no uncommon thing for Mr. Mathews to sometimes experience in his performances most ludicrous interruptions. One rainy night, during the "At Home," an old gentleman, as he entered the box, deposited his wet umbrella in the corner near the door, before he advanced to the front; but, when any part of the performance pleased him, he went to the back of the box for the said umbrella, and, bringing it forward, stamped it applaudingly on the ground. He then carried it back, and replaced it in the corner where he first left it. The frequent repetition of this was only put a stop to by the box becoming too full. But the effect of this whimsical proceeding on all present need not be described; my husband was convulsed with laughter, in which the audience cordially joined, at each of the old gentleman's approbations, who, in his earnestness in fetching and returning the umbrella, did not seem conscious that he was no little contributor to the mirth.

Mathews' Memorandums.

His memorandums were always made on little slips, or the corners of letters, and he often complained that "*Mistress Tidy*," (the housemaid,) displaced them in his dressing-room. I therefore gave orders, that no book, paper, or letter, should be ever touched or removed in arranging the room. One night he returned home from the theatre very cross, from the want of something he ought to have taken with him from home, "and all because Mrs. Tidy *would* remove his memorandums." I really was very angry at this; but Mrs. Tidy, with tearful earnestness, protested that no such thing had happened. Her master vehemently persisted in the charge; and the woman turning to me, exclaimed, "Indeed ma'am, I moved nothing but a stocking which master had taken off with his boots, and which was lying in the middle of the room."—"That's it! that's it!" cried her methodical master. "I put it there on purpose to remind me to take a *pair* to the theatre;—it was my *memorandum*." This,

or his dropping a handkerchief, a glove, or something else about, was his favourite mode of making a memorandum.

Mathews at Edinburgh.

Sir Walter, the Magician of the North, and all his family, were there. They huzzaed when he came in, and I *never* played with such spirit, I was so proud of his presence. Coming out, I saw him in the lobby, and very quietly shook his hand. "How d'ye do, Sir Walter?"—"Oh, hoo are ye! Wall, hoo have ye been entertained!" (I perceived he did not know me.) "Why, sir, I d'ont think quite so well as the rest of the people."—"Why not? I have been *just* delighted. It's quite wonderfool hoo the deevil he gets through it all." (Whispering in his ear,) "I am surprised too; but I did it all myself!" Lockhart, Lady Scott, and the children, quickly perceived the equivocal, and laughed aloud, which drew all eyes upon me: an invitation for to-morrow followed, which I accepted joyfully.

Mathews' Temperament.

In relation to his well-known, and too much dwelt upon "*irritability*," which his death too well accounted for and excused, it may be said, that, with every outward appearance of good, nay, robust health, and with really a powerful frame, he was in a state of almost continuous bodily suffering from one cause or another, for the most part inexplicable to medical men. In winter, his rest was painfully disturbed at night by an irritation on the skin, though without eruption, which allowed him no sleep for weeks together during a frost; he also suffered from a mysterious disorder in his tongue, which for years equally puzzled the faculty, and which, with all their precautionary efforts, "*would come, when it would come*."

Mathews and "haleing" Plaster.

Yesterday I walked half a mile before I could find a chemist's: at last I pounced upon one. "Any healing plaster?"—"We have not, surr." Walked to a second; same answer. A third,—the same; until I was at a loss to conjecture why I could not be served. I was directed to an apothecary's. Still "*No*." At last it occurred to me to try a new expedient: "Can you not procure or prepare me some "*haleing* plaster?" The mystery was solved my unfortunate English accent was not to be understood by these illigant Irish spakers.

Mathews and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's magnificent portrait of Kemble, in Cato, was painted for the Earl of Blessington, who, observing my husband's evident admiration and longing for it, said, that as Mr. M.'s gallery was at present too small for so large a painting, he would make him a reduced copy of it; that he should choose his own artist for it, and he would pay him a hundred guineas for his labour. This liberal intention was to be put in execution as

soon as Sir Thomas Lawrence had, according to permission, engraved it. When Mr. Mathews returned from America he evinced great anxiety for his copy, but Sir Thomas still retained the original. Mr. Mathews got dissatisfied, indeed, angry: something like a coolness seemed to ensue, but Sir Thomas was as polite and as kind as ever. At last Mr. Mathews gave up all hope, though not all thought, of the coveted Cato. One day, however, Sir Thomas seeing my husband, said he wanted to explain and apologize for so long preventing his getting a copy of *my Cato*. "My dear Mathews!" said Sir Thomas, "I know you must have been very angry with me, and I can no longer withhold, but will own, the truth. From the moment I heard of your desire to have a copy from this picture, I retained it for the sole purpose of preventing your intention:—d'ont ask me why till I explain my reasons." Mr. Mathews being about to reply to this (as he thought) improper confession, Sir Thomas hurriedly added, "And now let me show you my last work." He then drew forward a picture, and exhibited to the delighted eyes of his visiter a beautiful Cato of smaller size, but a *fac-simile* of Lord Blessington's. "My dear Mathews! will you now forgive me! Here is my reason for keeping the picture so long. The moment I heard of your admiration and desire to possess a copy of the *Cato*,—a portrait of our mutual friend, John Kemble,—I determined to make it for you myself. Want of leisure for some time delayed the execution of my wishes; but, at last, I have completed the task, all but a few touches." Thus was Sir Thomas's "*illiberal*" conduct explained: we must not judge of motives without evidence.

(To be continued.) 291

MR. MOORE'S NEW POEM,

ENTITLED "*Alciphron*," which is added to a new edition of the *Epicurean*, will shortly be in the hands of the public, and a most delicious and refreshing treat it will prove to them: a press of matter precludes us from giving more this week, than the following fine description of

The Subterranean Paradise.

"Here, at this moment,—all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last,—
The young Initiate roves,—as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery,
Fondling on such illusions as prepare
The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapour still;—
Vague glimpses of the future, vistas show,
By scenic skill, into that world unknown,
Which saints and sages claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wondrous arts,
Illusions, terrors that make human hearts,
Ay, or 'n the wisest and the hardiest souls,
To any goblin thrond behind a veil.

"Yes,—such the spell shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere;
Till, if our sage be not tamed down, at length
His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine,—
If he become not absolutely mine,

Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw covertly also, lure his brother wit
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites,—
If I effect not this, then he it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chased
To his soul out in the Theban waste."

Tales of many Lands. [Harvey and Darton.]

THESE Tales have, doubtless, been written by a governess for the amusement and instruction of her young pupils, with the intent of implanting in the bosoms of her delightful charge principles of love, charity, and forgiveness; but we think they are rather too *sombre*. Every thing presented to children ought to aim at the making of their little hearts happy; for, as it is well observed by an Italian writer, "Be assured, our heavenly Father is as well pleased to see his children in the play-ground as in the school-room." The diction is plain, yet impressive; and we have no doubt these "Tales" will find their way o'er "many Lands."

The East India Voyager; or, Ten Minutes Advice to the Outward Bound. By Emma Roberts. [J. Madden and Co.]

THIS interesting and useful work is from the pen of the talented author of "*Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan*," and other richly-stored and deservedly popular productions. We strongly recommend all persons, particularly ladies who may have occasion to visit the East Indies, to possess this most desirable *vade mecum*, which gives, in a succinct and clear manner, every requisite instruction as to the choice of cabins, and the needful stores to be laid in. The section relative to "A Lady's Outfit," will be found of great value, as also that "On Domestic Economy, Diet, Clothing," &c. The advice to cadets is worthy of serious attention. Indeed, there is scarcely a page but what teems with the most salutary and wholesome counsel.

Select Poetry for Children. Arranged by Joseph Payne. [Relfe and Fletcher.]

THE motto chosen by the editor will best explain the purpose of his selection:—"We are not proposing to train up poets or sentimentalists, but to replenish the mind with bright and available materials, such as shall impart to it an abundance of intellectual wealth, and give it breadth and elevation; and, by these natural means, exclude whatever is frivolous, vulgar, selfish, or sensual;" and well has the task been performed; for it is impossible to be otherwise than pleased with the varied and delightful pieces, so peculiarly adapted to the capacities of children between six years of age and twelve. For schools, it will form a valuable auxiliary to the juvenile library; and, to parents, a very judicious present for their children.

The Gatherer.

A life of sensuality and intemperance transmits to old age a constitution of languor and decrepitude.

Unsociable Tempers.—Unsociable tempers are contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them nor ourselves better, by flying from or quarrelling with them.

Spots on the Sun.—There is at the present time on the sun's face, and not far from its centre, a splendid group of spots, visible through the London fog to the naked eye, or which, when the planet shines strongly, the eye, protected by a smoked or dark glass, will instantly detect.

Resignation.—A head properly constituted can accommodate itself upon whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

When an ill-natured story is once launched upon the world, there are many who are careful that it shall not soon founder.—*Lander.*

Antiquity of Railways and Gas.—Railways were used in Northumberland in 1633, and Lord Keeper North mentions them in 1671, in his journey to this county. A Mr. Spedding, coal-agent to Lord Londesdale, at Whitehaven, in 1765, had the gas from his lordship's coal-pits conveyed by pipes into his office, for the purpose of lighting it; and proposed to the magistrates of Whitehaven to convey the gas by pipes through the streets to light the town, which they refused.—*Times.*

An India-rubber Boat.—"There has just been launched on the Neva," says a St. Petersburg letter, "an India-rubber boat. It is made of sail-cloth impregnated with caoutchouc. It may be rolled up, and in the space of ten minutes can be filled with air by means of four little cocks, by which inflation it assumes the form of a boat. During its trial on the river it held three persons, and excited much attention, as well by the readiness of its movements as by its pretty appearance."

A coffee-drinking match, as a Belgian paper states, took place among some females for a wager, and it was decided in favour of one who beat her competitors by finishing a 17th cup of the strongest mecha that could be made.

Natural History is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation may be pursued on a soft couch, but Nature must be observed in the open air. I have collected materials with indefatigable pertinacity. I have gathered glow-worms in the evening, and snails in the mornings; I have seen the daisy close and open; I have heard the owl shriek at midnight, and hunted insects in the heat of noon.—*Johnson.*

The Indian mother is fond of her children, and of the notice of them by a stranger: she brings them to him, saying, as she presents her first-born—"This I acknowledged with my right breast," and "this," speaking of her second, "with my left breast." A stranger on leaving is desired to "blow" on the child.

M. Garnier, according to the Paris papers, is constructing a balloon at the Ecole Militaire, which he hopes to direct through the air as he pleases. On each side of the car he has adapted four *palettes*, resembling the wings of a windmill, which he puts in motion by the means of a secret internal mechanism. The resistance of the air to every *palette* that strikes it, is reflected upon the balloon, and carries it forward, just like the flying bird, or swimming fish. M. Garnier, it is added, has already made some experiments, which proved perfectly successful.—Oct. 1839.

Munificent Donation of Liszt.—The generosity of Paganini towards Berlioz has just been eclipsed by a princely act of munificence of M. Liszt. This celebrated pianist, seeing that the subscription opened for a monument to Beethoven had not attained a sufficient sum, has just completed it by a gift of 60,000 francs (2,400*l.*), the produce of his savings.

An old lady in the West of England for 20 successive years has darned stockings with the same needle; in fact, so used was the said needle to its work, that frequently on the lady's leaving the room it would continue darning without her! When the old lady died, the needle was found by her relatives, and for a long time no one could thread it, nor could they discover what obstructed the threads, when, by microscopic observation, they observed a tear in the eye of it!—*New York Paper.*

The Consumption of Cotton in Great Britain during 1838, was 460,000 millions of pounds weight. The following will show the cost of producing the cotton manufactures of the country:—

Cost of raw material	£19,604,168
343,701 Spinners, average wages	
10 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i> per week	8,659,598
90,000 Power-loom Weavers, average wages, 12 <i>s.</i> 7 <i>d.</i> per week . .	2,946,000
316,500 Hands employed in the bobbinet and hosiery trade . .	1,650,000
360,000 Printers, average wages	
10 <i>s.</i> per week	3,360,000
280,000 Hand-loom Weavers, average wages, 12 <i>s.</i> per week	6,596,000
Machinery, interest on capital, &c.	12,067,500
Total number of persons employed, about 1,500,000	

The first idea of electricity was given by the friction of two globes of quicksilver, in the year 1467.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-men.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JÜNGEL.